

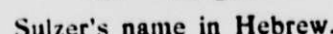
ROAR OF WORDS AND NOISE  
IN THE DELIRIOUS DEBATES  
TO SAVE THE GREATEST CITY

Humors of the Hundreds of Dynamic  
Campaign Orators Who Try to Gain  
Votes for Their Champeen of the  
Pee-pul—Bedlam When Gov-nah Sool-  
zah Appears on East Side

But with even this matter of speech settled by arithmetical precision, don't think for a minute that you've computed the total sum of the various namic efforts required mightily to save these here, now, United States from skidding to chaos.

Think of how far we are and even shall be from computing with anything approaching nicety the total number of cowbells, snare and base drums, fifes and cornets necessary, say, to supply merely the troops that support the highly overestimated mustin' banne-

— Inform the proletariat, as the trucks are drawn through East St. streets that unless Jimmie March, Jr. is elected to whatever office it is the Jimmie March, Jr., is running for in t-



You see, you have to give these emotional lads room.

And speaking of emotion, pull on your hat and hurry down to the Broadway Central again. Out in front now is an automobile on the bonnet of which, in letters almost as high as the gold lettered "Al Reeves" name on the door of Actor Reeves's limousine, is the legend:

Before the first cheer can get under way, shrill voiced boys and girls are falling over themselves to jump up against the sides of the slow moving machine. From north, east, south and west they bear down upon the knot of children that always starts the uproar. Men reach over the youngsters' heads to shake the hand of the great man. Young women with babies in arms, men, young and old, grandmothers—on they come with shouts of joy.

Then there is bedlam. The Same old Bill waves ineffectual da-das for silence. And after minutes of hysteria one hears the voice of The Same Old Bill getting off the favorite line with which he begins all his speeches:

paint upon unnecessary first names across its street-wide banners when it comes to a sign such as the one at Second avenue and Eighth street.

FOR JUDGE, 2ND DIST. HARTMAN.

" ASSEMBLY, KOTIE.

" ALDERMAN, DOTZLER.

That's all. But when it comes to an East Side Sulzer banner, let paint and canvas run free. For instance, take the banner in front of 106 Avenue C:

FOR MAYOR

JOHN PULLEY MITCHELL.

For Judge

David Goldstein

FOR MEMBER OF THE

ASSEMBLY

HON. WILLIAM SULZER

By spreading out, you see, "For Mem

Continued on Second Page



It's doubtful if even in the matter of adding up the speech output alone the layman has so much as heard of the debates, forty to sixty an afternoon, that occur in the Sulzer headquarters on the third floor of the Broadway Central.

Far to the south near the City Hall a Prohibitionist orator orates that "the liquor interests have paid these hoodlums who're trying to break up my meeting, to break up my meeting," while a little way to one side stands the bronze Nathan Hale with his hands tied behind him so he can't do anything about it, just back of the orator, Benjamin Franklin sticks out a commanding hand with a gesture that says plainly to the all day speaker, "Cut it out, sport! Cut it out!"—a cry that goes unheeded.

Down around the financial district, too, where you'd suppose folks had shut up shop for the night, listen to the racket back of glass doors covered with imposing legal names like O'Gar-

**FOR MAYOR**  
**EDWARD E. McCALL**  
He Stands for Municipal Economy  
and Lower Taxes.

Not only have the low lifts had this lettered onto the big sign, but they've just turned on the lights. Dudley Field Malone, Third Assistant Secretary of State, is present wearing gray gloves and things. Dud Malone pats old Bob Adamson on the shoulder kindly and tells him to try to forget it.

The noise two officers to the west in the long suite of Mitchell offices comes from the lungs and throat of Statesman Jack Hammond, who is best known as Miss Mary Hammond's father. The fusion folk have had the foresight to supply Honorable Hammond with a large office that is just as cute and cosey and homelike as the waiting room of the Grand Central Station. In the big room

The automobile can't go any farther because even on the wide avenues far over on the East Side from building lines on the west side of the street to building line on the east side it sends a long eyed adorer are standing upon on another's toes. For the splinters on your clothes. Far away to north and south snail like horse cars stick up above a split wide with yelling. A road like all the world series bleachers rolled into one makes you long for just room enough to enable you to raise your wedged in hands so you can stick your fingers in your ears, but it can't be done.

Looming up from the toupée of

another automobile is the gaudy figure of the Martyr. Henry Clay never had anything on that posture as the original Henry's palmist days. The Same Old Bill is doing a hamlet and around there seems to be a general opinion that at last the country's about to be saved.

While Bill is making effectively fruitless attempts to silence the hurricane of cheers that distress him so, let me explain the Same Old Bill's method every night when his automobile sets out from the Broadway Central: gather a crowd quickly. Then we'll listen to a few of his choicest thoughts.

The way to get the crowd around the machine, according to Bill's method,

